

The Recorder

Vol. VII

Tacoma, Wash., April, 1903

No. 2



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G. W. Kennard

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TACOMA, WASH.

G. W. Kennard



Sigma Tau Sigma Fraternity of P. S. U.

Ye Recorde

VOL. VII.

TACOMA, WASH. APRIL, 1903.

No. 2.

Citizenship in Its Relation to the Liquor Traffic.

J. A. RUTLEDGE.

The citizens of a free government have the power and responsibility of making and executing their laws. They are responsible for each and every law upon the statute books. If the laws promote the peace, prosperity and general welfare of the nation, it redounds to the glory of the citizens. But, if the laws permit any injustice to humanity, or sanctions anything not in harmony with the law and will of God, the citizens are to blame.

In a free government, in effect the laws reflect the character of the people, for the people are no better than the government. In a state composed of the right kind of citizens, laws that permit vice of any kind cannot long remain upon the statute books. Bad men may enact infamous laws, but if the citizens have the welfare of the nation at heart they will rise up in indignation and dethrone the lawmakers.

Men who take oath as they enter upon their official duties to enforce the law and then compromise with evil will be denounced as traitors. The glorious but solemn fact is: We, the people, mold our own destinies.

What does this law upon our statute books permitting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks mean? It means this: that we as citizens of a free government have authorized it, either by direct vote or by our indifference, and it stands there a silent though powerful witness of a negligent, cowardly or selfish subserviency to one of the worst institutions in our land.

We cannot, we must not, attempt to shirk our responsibility. It is mockery to make a pretense of religion, and allow this monster of iniquity to debauch the manhood of our country. A feeling of personal responsibility for the welfare of the manhood of their country ought to rest upon the citizens in a government of the people for the people and by the people, unless the people wished to pull down the government in a cloud of corruption and debauchery.

We claim to be a Christian nation, to protect the weak and to stand for righteousness and justice, but when we have a licensed saloon at almost every cross-road, and in almost every village and city

throughout our fair land, when we allowed, within six months after our occupation of Manila, five hundred saloons to be planted there to contaminate the morals of a virtuous people and have permitted the saloon to raise its black flag of death in Cuba and Puerto Rico, do you see anything that savors of a Christian nation, or of righteousness or of justice?

For half a century we have nurtured and protected the saloon. We have watched it grow from a puny creature into a huge, heartless monster that is crushing out the lifeblood of a nation. But public sentiment says, that whoever raises a hand against it is a crank, so it stands like a giant in the path of civilization with its victims lying in windrows about its feet.

There are people who say, better to permit the saloon as a legal institution than to endure the illegal "blind tiger." Neither is necessary. The people are responsible for any evil that is in the land. If the people license the saloon they are responsible for the destruction it will bring, or if they elect men who do not enforce the law, the citizens are to blame.

That prohibition does not prohibit is the cry of the faint-hearted, but this claim is absurd. We do not absolutely succeed in prohibiting stealing, adultery, murder, but no one proposes that we repeal these laws and substitute license on that account. The reason that prohibition does not prohibit in prohibition states is not because of any inherent guilt of the law, but because of the indifference of the citizens. No law prohibits unless enforced. Put be-

hind a prohibition law an aggressive, courageous people and it must become effective.

Grant that prohibition does not prohibit. We would by enacting a prohibitory law take our moral support from behind the saloon.

Government was instituted to protect property, rights, liberties, and lives of the people. A government which does not do this forfeits its rights for existence. Yet today with the same strong right arm of protection that we throw around our schools and churches we are fostering an institution which day after day is ravaging our homes, insulting womanhood and motherhood, robbing manhood of its strength and beauty, and assailing those everlasting principles of virtue and self-restraint, the corner-stones of every free government, and no one protests against it.

Oh! for a people that were fully alive to their responsibility toward their fellow men! Would that the citizens of our fair land were fully aware of the approaching storm, that they realized that when they vote to sustain the saloon they are placing a stumbling block in their brother's way, that they are putting the cup to their neighbors' lips.

It is bad enough to have an evil of any kind stalking through our land, but when we guard and protect a monster whose never-ceasing effort is to drag virtue and to contaminate the sources of our national existence, it would seem that the very thought of such a thing would stir every true patriot to the fullest depth of his soul and cause him to rise up and in the name of liberty crush this monster.

There are people who cry out in holy horror, "Don't mix your religion and politics." This is one cause of the present political corruption. I believe in politics that can be talked in the pulpits as well as on the rostrum, but if the politics are mixed with liquor this cannot be done. Politics that are not fit to be talked from the pulpit are not fit to be spoken off the rostrum. It is by our vote that we show most effectively our Christianity. Our vote is an expression of our convictions. And it is our duty before God and man to put the ballot box to a conscientious use and wipe this curse from our land. We need more of practical Christianity. We may try to ease our conscience by claiming we are not responsible for our vote as a part of our religious convictions, but we know of the evil the saloon is causing and we cannot escape our responsibility by hiding behind party and attempting to throw the blame on it, for in a free government every man is sovereign, and as such is morally responsible for his vote.

Other citizens are zealous in politics, but it is a zeal for personal gain. They will support any measure that will obtain for them popular favor. They will form nefarious alliances with unscrupulous men to further their own ends. To such men as these the people need not look for reform measures.

Another class of citizens have sunk to such depths of degradation, are so far gone to all sense of honor or decency, that they advocate the license saloon because it helps pay the city, county and state debts, and so they, for the sake of lightening their own burdens, are willing to license an in-

stitution to debauch their brothers. They would build up cities out of the blood of their fellow men. Woe to him that buildeth a town with blood and establisheth a city by iniquity.

But we are to be congratulated that we have in our land a small, resolute, noble-hearted band of Christian citizens, citizens who believe that Christian men cannot conscientiously uphold the license saloon, or remain indifferent concerning it. They are clean, respectable citizens, zealous in politics, but zealous from a desire to benefit the nation, not for personal gain. They are enduring ridicule because of their loyalty to their convictions. They are giving their whole life to the cause they love. In them we have an example of true manhood, courage, self-sacrifice, self-consecration to our nation's highest welfare.

Friends, the foundation of this nation were laid by God-fearing men. Its corner-stone is liberty, its bulwark Christianity, its watchword virtue. Shall we sleep on in fancied security while this enemy of soul and body forges our chains and subjects us to slavery without parallel on the pages of history? Shall we, for a paltry sum, give him permission to produce poverty, profligacy, cruelty, wretchedness, death?

Shall we submit while he transforms the sons of God into felons, harlots, paupers, madmen and assassins? Shall we permit an organized, hellish despotism to be maintained in a free country? Shall we allow this greedy, insatiable wretch, this mocker of virtue, to move forward, maiming, crippling, crushing, mangling his victims, wrenching out their vir-

tue and shoving them downward to a terrible doom? God forbid!

Then in the name of our God of righteousness, in the name of liberty and of crushed and ruined souls, rise up and fell this monster to the earth.

AN IDYL

The sky was blue and bright and beautiful. The sun shone in undimmed splendor, the little birds sang blithely in the budding trees and all nature was one universal grin. Point Defiance lay bathed in the mellow morning sunshine, a picture worthy of a painter's brush. The merry little company of students from the P. S. U. saw it and were glad that the elements had so conspired to make their day of outing there such a perfect one. They alighted from the car and cavorted over the gentle hills like happy little lambs, unrestrained, and without a thought of care in all the world. They played ring-around-a-rosey on the rolling swards, spooned in little congenial groups of two and made goo-goo eyes at one another all that serene and blissful day. But, alas! this world of change and transient joy, of tears interspersed with smiles! Before the day was done a little miff had marred its perfect joy, obscuring the sunshine of beaming smiles and casting a shadow on the peaceful scene. Then hushed the little birdies' gladsome caroling, the lamblets no longer gamboled on the lea. The soft eyes that erstwhile "looked love to eyes that spake again" now scintillated with other looks than those of love. A gust of anger, a patter of unhappy words, and a thunder shower had arrived. In silence strange,

sulphureous and supreme, the friends filed stolidly back to the returning car in little isolated groups of one, regarding each other the while with the cold hauteur of total strangers. The car that in the morning seemed amply large for the accommodation of the congenial little company, was now uncomfortably small and close. The occupants sandwiched huge, icy chunks of interval between each other and the atmosphere grew so chill that the conductor put on his overcoat to collect the fares. In the city, when the students alighted and scattered silently in different directions, he looked after them with a quizzical expression. "Wonder what happened?" he said. And we echo blankly, "What?"

UP-TO-DATE CEASAR

The school as a whole is divided into three parts, of which one boards at the hall, another at restaurants, and a third either at home or sling their own hash and are called bachelors. All these differ from each other in language, manners and rules.

Of all these, the bravest are the Maple Lodge boys, because they are farthest removed from the culture and refinement of the boarding hall, and young ladies least often visit them and bring in those things which tend to effeminate their minds. And they also excel the rest of the students in valor, because they contend with each other in almost daily battles, while they are either defending their own reputation or making war on one of the others and laying waste his fields.

It is reported by visitors and neighbors that they are of incredible size and fierceness, and that very often

young ladies having met them could endure not even their countenance and the keen glance of their eyes.

Their enemies they treat haughtily, saying that no one had ever contended with them without their own destruction. When they wished, let them come on; that they would find out what Maple Lodge boys, untamed and unconquered, who had not slept between sheets for four years, could do in point of valor.

And so fear having been inspired in the hearts of all, many are glad to make peace, and as allies be embraced by them. A. L. M.

OUR OGRE

Do you know our college ogre?

Have you ne'er his visage seen?
Haven't seen his frown portentous?
'Then you do not know our Dean.

He can see through false excuses
And your motives read, 'tis clear,
And he frowns on slothful students,
Till their hearts are filled with fear.

If you blunder in your Latin
Or should falter in your Greek,
He will cry out "Next! Be seated!"
Till you're half afraid to speak.

When the world is filled with sunshine
And you fain would strolling go,
You must master first your Latin,
For the Dean is sure to know,

That you've been idle all the evening
When you knew you should be in,
And he'll say, in tones of thunder
That such negligence is sin.

But when the skies are overcast
And your life seems sad and lone,
Oh! what a world of sympathy
You'll discover in his tone.

His face is no longer grim and stern,
His tender heart has brightened;
And speaking words of hope and cheer,
How oft the onerous load he's lightened

Is this the ogre of our school,
The Dean so, tender hearted?
No, never fear an ogre here—,
All such has now departed.

If you strive to do your duty,
And your lessons well prepare,
You need never fear his frowning;
You'll have treatment just and fair.

But buckle down in dead earnest
And your wits keep sharp and keen,
If you'd ever win the favor
Of the atern, yet kindly Dean.

Contribute something nice for the commencement number!

All things may come to those who wait. Keep your trolley on a live wire and suscribe for the RECORDER.

The kind of education that you get at P. S. U. looks to the strengthening of the hull of the ship rather than the gilding of the figurehead.

Our Y. M. C. A. is preparing to send four delegates to the Pacific Northwest Student Conference to be held at Gearhart, Oregon, May 29, to June 7th.

"I do not love the 'flowing bowl,'
The treacherous wine I hate;
I need no stimulant to thrill my soul—
Her eyes intoxicate.
"Touch not wine when it is red,"
It stings like scorpion whips;
But Oh, the bliss to quaff instead
The rich, red wine of her carmine lips!

"Of all the lessons that I have,"
Says C. A. T., with a contemptuous
"nicht!"

"The worst, the very worst of all,
Is that old Dutch Gedicht.
When I have read a line or two
Of that most abominable writ,
I feel like saying an English word
That sounds like the Dutch 'damit'".

Ye Recorde

A monthly school journal published by the students of Puget Sound University, under the auspices of the Sigma Tau Sigma Society.

ANDREW MARKER.....	Editor-in-Chief
JOHN OLSAN.....	Associate Editors
ALBERT RUTLEDGE.....	
CLYDE A. THOMPSON.....	Business Manager
JASPER NOYES.....	Assistant Business Manager

Entered in Postoffice at Tacoma as second-class matter.

An Assemblage of Splendors

"The most distinguished-looking group that ever tested the lens of my camera," said the photographer when he "took" the picture that adorns the first page of our paper. The gentlemen may not be particularly good-looking—great men seldom are—but you will be proud to know them some day, for undoubtedly they are a coterie of coming celebrities. They are, if you please, the renowned Sigma Tau Sigma Society. The second personage from the left is the present Speaker, Mr. Milligan, the promising young pastor of the First Methodist Church at Edgewood. Mr. Milligan is quite young for his age, but already he has attained a reputation as a preacher. It is said that it requires little effort to remain awake during one of his longest discourses. And our Speaker's ability as a student is no less brilliant. Indeed, his future is so fraught with possibility that it is beyond our prognosticating propensities to foretell it. He may even become a Doctor of Divinity and have synopses of his sermons printed in the newspapers.

Mr. Clyde Thompson, the genial business manager of the Recorde, is the gentleman immediately on the Speaker's right. Note the broad and bulging forehead that rears itself aloft like Gibraltar above the contending sea; and to carry the simile a little farther, against which tides of ideas beat in vain. Mr. Thompson has decided that he will be a dentist. He has demonstrated his natural aptitude for the calling by his deft manner of extracting advertisements for the Recorde—sometimes an operation requiring more pure "nerve" than to find the cube root of a molar with a pair of forceps. He is a talented young man, and presently we shall expect to see him go sprinting down the field of fame at a tooth-hurty gait.

Sitting at his left is Mr. Raymond Cook. Mr. Cook thought for awhile of apprenticing himself to a printer, but has changed his mind, and will be a missionary. He has already done effective work in that line, and being an agreeable and smart young man, we hope for him a brighter future than that of a lamented relative of his, Captain Cook, the missionary, who was eaten by cannibals in Hawaii in 1778.

The abbreviated little fellow on the extreme left of the front row, whose smile is so childlike and blank, is Jasper Noyes. That smile is inimitable and as habitual as the twinkle of a star. It indicates his nature. Mr. Noyes' cheerfulness may be described as unstampedable and not to be put down. When Greek verbs prove obdurate and will not be learned, Jasper does not throw the book down and jump on it, but smiles his imperturbable smile and says there

will be Greek verbs to learn when he is dead. And when one young lady after another has gayly given him the marble heart, he takes the little article cheerfully and adds it to his already large collection, solacing his heart the while with the fond belief that there's no goose so grey but, soon or late, he'll find a goose to be his mate. Mr. Noyes is preparing for the ministry and when some day a bald, benignant-looking little bishop shall come to chapel and tell the dear young people how to succeed, it will be remembered that we predicted such a future for him long ago.

The gentleman standing directly behind Mr. Noyes, who looks so much like the pictures of the late President McKinley, is a man of truly earnest aims; in fact, he is Ernest Ames. Mr. Ames is also preparing for the ministry, and although he is still a young man, his ability may be judged by the fact that he already has accepted a "call" to one of the largest churches in the city. But Mr. Ames is ambitious, and probably will not long retain his present charge. It is said that he expects soon to join the Minnesota conference, as there is a very desirable appointment offered him in one of the cities of that state.

Mr. John Olsan stands next to him in line. Mr. Olsan is an associate editor of the *Record*, but he is young yet and should not be severely blamed. He is also the star of our football team, and one of the brightest lights in our assemblage of student splendors. The cast-iron jaw and firm-set mouth are indicative of dauntless will and unfaltering resolution. "Never stops nor stays he" at the stiffest kind of interference when once he has made up his mind to go through and make a touch-

down. The only time that he ever "fell down" in a game was when he played against the superior charms of a winsome young lady. Such perseverance and pre-eminent ability as he possesses will undoubtedly make his name a household word and his pictures worthy of a place in the papers along with those of the illustrious men who have been heralded far and wide as the endorsers of Peruna or Paine's Celery Compound.

Mr. Rutledge, the next victim, is a promising orator, a possible Demosthenes. It will be remembered what apparently insuperable defects Demosthenes overcame to become an orator, and what has been done we feel sure that Mr. Rutledge can do. He has not yet decided what profession he will enter, but whether he chooses to be a corn doctor or merely a lawyer, he is sure to grace his calling.

The tall and handsome fellow next in line is none other than Mr. Bennett, well known to all our readers as an eloquent and rising young preacher. We will not attempt to give a lengthy biography of him, as he is known to have the courage of his convictions and to be quick on foot as well as in the head. He is a worthy representative of the Society and will undoubtedly go out into the world to give it further notoriety.

Last and least, the fellow on the right who looks so much like the heavy villain in a stage tragedy. Modesty forbids us to say much about him, more than that he is a very brilliant young man, the present extinguished editor of the *Record*. He has a brain that gives down classic literature as naturally as a Jersey cow gives down milk. Observe the massive head tilted to one side, dropping beneath the

weight of the profound and immortal thoughts that are even now struggling for exit through the thick skull. A few years more at the University and he will go out into the world to cut a luminous swath in the affairs of men, or get into the penitentiary—it is hard to tell which.

The term started off very auspiciously, with a more than ordinarily large attendance, which augurs well for the coming year. Everything now indicates that next year will be the best year, so far, in the history of our school, not only in point of attendance, but in point of general progress and prosperity. Glad, great days seem to be in store for the institution.

Exit Miss Ferguson

The parting of college friends is an occasion fraught with peculiar sadness. Closely associated as they are in the most formative and spontaneous period of life, sharing each other's confidences and having common tasks and kindred hopes, if often comes to pass that the fellowships of student days are of the most cordial and intimate character. And thus, when days of parting come to them, as they come to all in this vale of tears, and the silver cord is loosened, perhaps forever, it is an event that stirs the emotions and challenges the passing tribute of a sigh.

It is such an occasion that we are called upon to chronicle today, and the mere recollection of it starts the unbidden tears. We refer to the departure of that elect and most estimable young lady, Miss M. E. Ferguson, who left us on the seventh inst., her

father, the Rev. Ferguson, having been called to a pastorate in Brainard, Minnesota.

Miss Ferguson has been a faithful and favorite student at the University for the past four years, and those who have known her all that time are entitled to sympathy profound. It was almost unbearable for us to part with her who have known her a much less shorter time. Minnesota is to be congratulated on the acquisition of such a choice consignment of grace and charm, and we fondly wish that Minnesota was not so far away. As it is, we can only hope that it is the worst state in the Union to live in, our sole consolation being that the Rev. Ferguson will not like it there and will come back and preach to us again. On behalf of a large constituency, we can assure him that he will be cordially welcomed back whenever he may choose to return.

A large number of students assembled at the depot on the evening of Miss Ferguson's departure, and when the train started away with its precious burden the demonstration of emotion was too "touching" and pathetic for portrayal.

Gone, the vision radiantly gleaming,
That charmed our hearts with magic spell;
Gone, for us no longer beaming,
Hope and beauty, fare thee well.

But in the springtime of life, in the glad morning of youth, shadows do not long abide. Hope springs eternal in the student breast, gilding the future with promise and flooding the heart with its roseate hue. The gloom of parting fades in the fond expectancy of a future reunion. And though cherished friends must part, we'll wish them well where'er they may wander, and hope to meet again.

LOCALS

Spring Millinery at Miss Tutton's, 771 C St.

Mr. Collins spent vacation at his home in Oregon.

Messrs. Martin, Myers and Neely are among the quatuor.

John Brown, conjugating a Latin verb—"Facio, facere, foxy."

Miss B to Mr. Pittmon—"You don't know how easy my father is."

Mr. Rutledge came back from Seattle with a little story of how it happened.

Overheard in chapel: C—"Isn't she cute?" B—"Who?" C—"Miss Simpson."

Miss Iona Thompson, of Seattle, a cousin of Miss Rutledge, has entered the academy.

Somebody says that Mr. McConihey is looking for a house to rent, and it is rumored that——.

The "Answers to Correspondents" column has been discontinued. It requires a man of splendid discretion to edit it satisfactorily.

Dean Palmer to the Greek class—"You ought to have had this lesson more perfectly. Any idiot could get it with a little study."

Mr. Long, reading Anabasis—"It must have been a great disappointment to Cyrus to get killed when he was just about to become king."

Mr. Beach attended his friend, Olsan, during the latter's illness with measles, and then, turn about being

fair play, Beach took the measles and Olsan got up and took care of Beach.

Miss Davis, translating Greek—"He never comes to my house unless he is sent for." "That's right," said Mr. Bowers, and the class roared.

Mr. Bennett can demonstrate by algebra that 2 equals 1. This is an operation that every unmarried young man should know how to perform.

Miss Markham—"Come with me to the waterfront, Miss Brown." Miss B—"I should delight to go, but I don't know where Mr. Noyes is."

A gentleman in New York has kindly sent a handsome and valuable set of missionary books, to be added to our library. They are gratefully acknowledged.

Prof. Grumbling—"I think that the subject, 'The making of a Match,' would be a good one for a paper on domestic economy." Mr. McConihey—"That is a subject to which I have given a great amount of time and attention."

Miss Berkman was speaking of her culinary accomplishments. "Can you make bread?" asked Mr. Milligan. "No, but I can make nice cake." "But a man cannot live on cake alone." "Oh, but I intend to learn how to make bread," Miss Berkman hurried to avow.

Mr. McConihey's antipathy to unions is well known. It was observed, however, that he walked during the recent street car strike. Indeed, it would seem as though the gentleman's sentiments in regard to certain unions have received a sudden and radical modification.

Upon the sofa snug they sat,
 But how the two behaved
 One could not tell—it was so dark—
 Had it not been for the remark,
 "Oh, Clinton, you must get shaved."

Miss Berkman was wondering the other day what she should choose for a class motto. "'Hitch your wagon to a star,'" suggested Mr. Cook. But Miss Berkman thought he meant a football star and declined to consider it.

The State Prohibition contest was won by Mr. Lough of the U. of W., with Mr. Bowman, of Whitworth, second. Mr. Pittmon was elected state president of the organization, and the annual contest will be held in this city next year.

Dr. Rader has promised to write an article for our next issue on the New University. The doctor is one of the University's stalwart friends, and no one is better prepared to write appreciatively, authentically and interestingly of our school.

There will be no issue of the Recorder next month. It was feared that four consecutive issues would be more than the students could stand. Special effort will be given, however, to make the Commencement number a very handsome and creditable one.

Miss Carter completed the business course this term and returned to her home in Montesano, where she will be stenographer for her father, who is a business man of that city. Miss Dineen has also finished, but has accepted a similar position with a business firm in this city.

Mr. Grant doesn't seem to have the staying quality that was such a marked characteristic of his late uncle. He

didn't remain to fight it out on this line, but raised the siege and fell back upon his base of supplies at South Prairie. We hope that he will return to the attack next year with reinforcements and a larger supply of fortitude in his commissariat.

Our distinguished associate editor, Mr. Olsan, was put out of commission a couple of weeks this term with measles. But it takes more than measles, or Mr. Medcalf, either, to put Mr. Olsan "three points down" and keep him there. He sauntered around to his class while the measly microbes were still having fun with him, and barred the classes, he took in the ball games.

Roy Davidson returned from Seattle looking like he had fallen out with his girl. His eyes resembled the black flags the signal stations hang out to portend a storm. He explains, however, that he was not thrown down by a magnetic personality but was knocked off the perch by the warm, uninsulated end of a live wire. Next time he has any wiring to do he will probably get an electrician.

"My joy in life," said Arthur Marsh,
 is to pursue

The True, the Beautiful, the Good."
 Here he bounded up the stairway, two
 by two.

To where Miss Davis stood.
 Said he to her, "I often feel dejection,
 I fail so oft in what I aim to do,
 And yet, I know I'm near Perfection
 When I am standing here with you."

Mr. Pittmon contributed an article on College Spirit, which, unhappily, came in too late for insertion in this issue. The movement which Mr. Pittmon has inaugurated, however, to have the young men clear the campus of the new University site, indicates that he is all right on college spirit.

Miss Le Sourd tendered Miss Ferguson a farewell reception, on the evening of April 3. It was held at Miss Le Sourd's home and was a very felicitous occasion. Merry games and gay converse dispelled for the time the regret that was felt by all at Miss Ferguson's near departure. The table football game was very exciting, and the young men's descriptions of "Easter belles," while not possessing, perhaps, the literary perfection that the occasion demanded, yet showed a deep and becoming appreciation of the subjects under consideration.

Mr. Milligan tells of a small boy in his congregation at Edgewood who likes to have things "let out" promptly at 12 o'clock. And the other day, when Milligan forgot all about his "thirdly and lastly," and manifested no disposition to stop on the time limit, the small boy, watching the clock intently, leaned forward during a pause in the discourse and said in a large, audible whisper: "Say! It's 12 o'clock." The startled young preacher forgot for a moment whether he was still on his 25-yard line or was sprinting down the field for a touchdown.

The Recorder feels it incumbent upon it, as a responsible and public-spirited journal of education, to caution the young ladies in regard to a certain insidious young man who has designs upon them. It is said that Mr. Bowers purposes in his heart that, sink or

swim, live or die, survive or perish, he intends to have a girl. He declares that he has been thrown down once too often; he is at the point where patience ceases to be a virtue, and is in a really dangerous mood. Mr. Bowers naturally is a nice young man, but we hope that some young lady will come sweetly forward and take charge of him. It will be the act of a martyr and will deserve the lasting gratitude of her kind.

THE QUARTET.

The fine half-tone of the singularly handsome group which illumines the cover of this issue is a faithful delineation of our well-known male quartet. These gentlemen have sung their way into deserved distinction, their services being in wide demand and have given good satisfaction wherever they have appeared. They contemplate making a tour of the state the coming summer, giving musical and elocutionary entertainments, and any pastor, Epworth League or society desiring a first-class entertainment of this character should make an engagement with them.

The primary object is to advertise the P. S. U. and induce new students to enter, and any assistance that may be given them by ministers and churches will be in the interest of a worthy cause and greatly appreciated. Satisfactory financial arrangements can be made.

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PIGSKIN PALAVER.

— — —

"I have been reading some more about the brutality of football," said one of our last year's players, wearily putting down the paper he had been reading. "Well, sure, it is a verile game and the soft-headed, flaccid-muscled little fellow who wrote that shouldn't buck into the line. About the first time a good strong man tackled him, they would have to gather up the tender little bits in a bed-tick. If he were here now I would punt him clear over the goal post," and the gridiron giant smiled with grim satisfaction at the thought.

"Football may appear a little rough to the ladies who think that a man is mortally hurt every time he gets the wind knocked out of him. But it is a fine old game, nevertheless, and I have learned some good lessons from my football experience. In the first place, I learned elertness; everyone must be keen, quick, and on the quivive in football. Mind and muscle must be set at hair-trigger, and respond like a flash at the snap of the ball. There must be nimbleness of heels and head. The players are trained to watch the ball like tigers, and when it moves to imitate the action of the tiger, to be spontaneous, decided and swift. A signal misinterpreted, a 'fumbled' ball, an 'offside' play, a moment of indecision, and the opposition scores. Now the lesson of that sort of thing might be applied with profit to this game of life. In these strenuous now-a-days we need to be quick, snappy and verile, to keep

our trolley on a live wire. The men who succeed are the men alive. All things may come to those who wait, but not while they wait. How often young men fail to make glorious touchdowns because they are too slow in tackling the opportunity. The propitious moment passes before they are aware and the play is blocked. In the parlance of the game, they have fumbled the ball. How good it is to see a thing done opportunely with energy, exactness and dexterity. Goalposts are never gained by the slow, the slovenly and the slipshod.

"I notice this paper says that line bucking is to be eliminated, and that there are to be no more phalanx rushes in the revised version. Well, that may be all right, but I imagine one will always find good stiff interference in bucking up against the world. It may still be well to know how to get under or around or hurdle over our opponent. Competition is so close, and professionals so clever, these days, that one has to hit the line for all he is worth. He needs good head-gear and plenty of intellectual padding; behind these, a dauntless spirit and a pair of calked shoes. For in life, as in football, one meets reversés. He must assume the defensive, and, like Paul, having done all, to stand. Sometimes circumstances combine in solid phalanx to defeat a young man; fortune puts on a frowning front, and in the interval of discouragement, the forces of hell beleagues him. Then the old football hero will plant himself and stand as immutable as a deep,

(Concluded on Page 16)

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PIGSKIN PALAVER.

(Concluded)

undug stone. He will beat the other fellow on 'downs.' At Snohomish I noticed our gamey little end man how redoubtable he stood before mad rushes and bucked into the interference like a steam engine in trousers. Brittle bone gave way before he budged, and they carried him off the field with a fractured femur. But in this game of life such staunch, brave-hearted fellows always win. If Weichbrod will carry his football ardor into the field of every-day affairs we shall presently see him snuggle the pigskin of opportunity under his arm and carry it down to the goal of success.

"Then, too, I find in football that success largely depends on the kind of coaching the fellows have received. You may take all kinds of first-class material and unless you have an expert to convert it into the finished product of trained players you can do nothing. Every man has his particular part to play in the game and he must be trained to play it to the finish. And so in life we should be coached for the struggle that is before us. Every man should find out what part in the game he is best fitted to play and then drill and diet and discipline himself to play that part to perfection. In these soft and slothful days the words of Paul are, 'Be strong, quit you like men.' We need to have moral muscle, to be Christian athletes, strong sons of God, coached by the Great Captain of the game of life. Life is a rugged game, a contest between right and unscrupulous and truculent wrong. If truth is to triumph and right principles prevail, we

must not be timorous, despondent whimperers, soft parlor players, who fear the struggle where strength is born. 'We need spiritual sinew, powerful physiques dominated by Pauline spirits, and to be trained to endure hardness as good football players. Only those who endure shall score in life or be saved at last.'"

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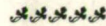
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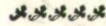
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